

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

THE BEST Photoplay Department in WASHINGTON

PHOTOPLAYS AND PHOTOPLAYERS

By GARDNER MACK.



BEN WILSON,
Star of the "Cleck" pictures, who has just resigned from the Edison forces and will in the future appear under the Universal Company's Direction.

WHAT THEY'RE SHOW- ING IN WASHINGTON.

TODAY.
Francis X. Bushman in "One Wonderful Night," Olympic Park, Fourteenth and V streets.
Mary Pickford in Biograph re-issue, Crandall's, Ninth and E streets.
Feature Program, the Pickwick, 811 Pennsylvania avenue.
Mutual Program, Central Park, Ninth, near G street.

TOMORROW.
Francis X. Bushman in "The Motor Buccaneers," Crandall's, Ninth and E streets.
Feature Program, the Pickwick, 811 Pennsylvania avenue.
Richard Tucker in "The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of," Olympic Park, Fourteenth and V streets.
Mutual Program, Central Park, Ninth, near G street.

Irvin S. Cobb to Write For The Times Readers

Irvin S. Cobb, "the best reporter in the world," is preparing to defy natural law and do two things at once. The most important thing he will do is to furnish four characteristic fiction stories to the readers of The Times. These stories will appear in two parts and will be printed Mondays and Tuesdays of each week. While the stories are being printed in The Times, picture plays made from them by Mr. Cobb will appear under the head of Our Mutual Girl in the photoplay theaters of Washington—that is the second thing Mr. Cobb is to do.

The stories have been prepared by special arrangements with "the best reporter in the world," for the benefit of the readers of The Times, and they are among the best stories Mr. Cobb has turned out. This is big praise, for there is no writer of the present day whose average work runs to a higher standard than this same Irvin S. Cobb. The first of the four stories appears in The Times Monday and Tuesday, August 10 and 11. The second will run Tuesday, and so on through the entire month.

Your Linen in Good Order

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

EVEN the most "advanced" woman betrays her sex by her extreme love of beautiful linen. I do not believe that centuries of casting the vote or serving on a jury would make a woman indifferent to the shining shimmering napery and the gleam of the damask.

Every home-maker, whether she be bachelor girl with a three-in-one dress or a wife with a three-in-one dress, should have a linen closet. It should be a linen closet, not a linen box, and it should be a linen closet, not a linen box. It should be a linen closet, not a linen box, and it should be a linen closet, not a linen box.

Fashion Sobered by War Styles

NEW YORK, Aug. 6.—Fashions for women are already showing the effect of European complications. Passing from the Russian tunic, the Bulgarian blouse, the German military cape, the cuirass bodice, Dame Fashion is decreeing the war blouse. Already the chrome steel helmet is seen in the fashion of the average woman's dress. The crown, giving the appearance of chain armor with crossed saliers displayed in front with silver cord bound handles.

Another is decorated with the Russian double eagle done in gold and silver. A third has an outstanding black eagle of Germany, its head peered in warlike readiness.

Mrs. Emma E. Goodwin, who for more than twenty years has devoted herself to the study of feminine garments, trying to work out an ideal of beauty, health, and comfort, says: "The war blouse will approach a more normal standard. 'Clothes will undoubtedly be tighter—more fitted to the figure. Backbones will come into favor. Shoulders will broaden. Hips will assert themselves to a reasonable extent. 'But war is a great soberer. There will be a foreign clothes famine of course. That will perhaps be beneficial. It will force us to create our own standards instead of depending on the Paris style makers.'"

European War Brings Disaster to Many Of the Smaller Film Concerns

Among other things, the European war will have a very depressing effect on the moving picture business in the United States.

There are probably few producing companies in the country who do not look upon the war as a very disastrous thing—disastrous in many ways. But its greatest disaster to the producers will be the elimination of a number of concerns, the principal business of which has been for many months past to turn out cheap film of Western pictures for European consumption. Perhaps on the whole it might be considered a good thing for the pictures from the point of view of the public that the war has come. It will mean the failure of many concerns—but the best and biggest of the companies will be able to survive its effects.

Few people realize what a tremendous business is done in Europe by American film manufacturers. Within the past few years the business of shipping film out of this country has become one of the big features of the export trade. The ideal conditions that have been presented in some sections of the United States for making pictures and the tremendous growth of the business here encouraged the organization of companies whose sole business it has been to send wild Western pictures to the four corners of the globe, and particularly to Europe. Much more than half the American films abroad have been of this character. The industry and the plays with cowboys and rough riders of the plains have made a big hit with the people of Europe, who have lived such prosaic lives amid such prosaic surroundings. The wild life of America as shown on the screen has had a great fascination for them. In some sections, notably in England, the cowboy-Indian film is losing its popularity. But on the continent it has held up well. It has been stated that fully 50 per cent of the film made in America was shipped abroad. This is probably an exaggeration of the real proportions, but it is near enough to the truth to give some idea of what it will mean when this outlet for studio products is blocked by the war that is now going on.

Many film companies that have been doing a prosperous business will probably go to the wall. Only the big concerns will be able to withstand the loss and it is very likely that these companies will be hard hit. Doubtless as has been hazarded, this will be a good thing for the business on the whole. The companies that will be eliminated will be the small capital and whose chief stock in trade was ability to produce pictures of a low order. They had little to recommend them but the thrill that was inserted in every reel. With the disappearance of this source of income for such concerns will come a readjustment of the business in all its departments. The improvement of the product of the companies that survive.

The film companies have made wonderful improvement during the past year. In both the quality of the pictures and the character of the acting. The business has been undergoing a setting process during the year from which the public has reaped a large benefit. If left to the natural course of events it would probably have required another year or two for the business to reach a normal level. The war, however, will have a tendency to hurry this process and it will not be surprising if, after a month or two, the purely speculative film picture is eliminated and the concerns that remain will have settled upon a sound basis.

Not all of us are careful enough in changing the arrangements of the various piles of napkins, etc. The first of the four stories appears in The Times Monday and Tuesday, August 10 and 11. The second will run Tuesday, and so on through the entire month.

Wrinkles Are the Style--In Bodices



(Photo by Fashion Camera Co., of New York.)

Instead of the Horrible Plain Basque Which Was Predicted the Wrinkled Basque Has Made Its Appearance.

Military Effect of This Near-Tailored Costume Is Relieved by Pleated Overskirt and Puckers.

Far from trying to make the basque perfectly smooth, the dressmaker who is up to date now deliberately plans that the garment shall be replete with small puckers which effectively do away with any plainness.

This charming afternoon gown of white tango crepe is by far one of the daintiest of summer creations. The waist line is really the hips, and the wide sash, which is brought about and tied in a knot across the front, is sewed fast to the garment.

French knots, at the collar and cuffs, and amber colored glass buttons down front are the sole bits of color on the gown. True, a knot of chiffon and ribbon is worn at the left lapel, and small knots of amber silk are at the ends of the sash, but they add little color.

The hat is of a heavy white braid in some cloth material, and decorated with upstanding white wing feathers. The parasol carried is of amber silk, in the same shade as the buttons. The shoes are white buck.

Dainty Sweater Coats of Silk Are Popular at Newport

By MARGARET MASON.

"What's in a name?" Bill Shakespeare said. Indeed, there's much, we wot. When Susan's in her sweater.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—Sweater was an all right name for the erstwhile bulky, all-wool article the color of a fireman's shirt, or a blue funk when affected by college athletes, or an lion-drooping drab which women by poor, but honest, and anemic maidens.

The dainty silken garments of hectic hue now sported by the untold hordes of the moved smart set are as much entitled to shed their sordid and unattractive name as the butterfly which doesn't have "new grub" on its visiting cards.

Nothing lovelier, more appropriate, nor more comfortable for wear over a white frock or with a white waist and skirt can be found at the summer resorts this season. The colors are as vividly ardent as to recall the undying drying of ancient Tyrian dyes. The Duchess of Marlborough must have a different sweater for each day in the week, according to the busy little Newport correspondents for every society note quotes her in a different tinted sweater coat. Persuade she owns some of the chameleonic variety, for some of these exquisite silken affairs are knitted with a background of one shade of silk, and the rib of a contrasting color.

The effect of the two tones changing with each turn of the sweater rivals the opal or the cockatoo for variety. Some of the fascinating new away-belts of the same texture, while others have wide, unbroken lines from shoulder to knee, but all of the best models show a low V-shaped neck with a rolling white collar of organdy.

Also Inconvenient.

Wife—Well, then, I'll just buy what I want and have the bills sent to you. Hub—Yes, but oughtn't we to agree to some limit as to the amount?

Wife—Certainly not! Combinations in restraint of trade are illegal.—Boston Transcript.

The New Collars

Appropos of the collar subject, the really smart flare collar for your frocks from now on, or off, must have a bias edging of black, old blue, or some dark contrasting tone that will carry out the color scheme of your gown.

To wear an all white organdy collar any more, stamps you immediately as behind the fashionable times. Some of the new color-bound collars have the edging of black braid, while a tiny bias fold of the desired color bastes finishes the others.

Since there are sweaters and sweaters, and not the least of these the human species (although it may be a bit inelegant to mention it) it seems not amiss to treat for a paragraph or two of the very newest dress shields.

For the more fastidious of the feminine fair ones, the shields come mounted with the wearer's own individual perfume. And, indeed, a distinctive and personal perfume is an essential part of the well-dressed woman today as are her male-to-order staves. She chooses her favorite odor and has it carried out in her sachet, her bath crystals, powder, perfumes, and soaps, or she hires her to a perfume specialist and puts herself in that gifted and

Her Revenge.

Gibbs—Does your wa, ever scold when you have been out late at the club? Hubbs—Never! She merely gets up at 4 o'clock the next morning and practices on the piano, and I don't say a word.—Boston Transcript.

MOVING PICTURES

CRANDALL'S

SUN. FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN in "THE MOTOR BUCCANERS" and "THE PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL"

MON. Return Engagement by Popular Request "ANNE BOLEYN"

TUES. "Through Life's Window" Vitaphone Special.

WED. MARY PICKFORD and "DAVID GARRICK"

THUR. "Neath the Lion's Paw"

FRI. "All Love Excelling"

SAT. CHARLES KLEIN Presents by Request "THE GAMBLERS"

"NEAR DEATH'S DOOR"—Kalem Drama

"THEY BOUGHT A BOAT"—Lubin Comedy

TIMES BEDTIME STORY



THE STORY OF A NEW BONNET.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

ALL of the children in Tabbyland, kiddy boys and kiddy girls, and pups, and everybody, in fact, were going, with Mrs. Tabby to take care of them, out to the home of the bunnies in the wood. There they were going to have a glorious picnic.

They mended their clothing, and took baths without being told, and picked burrs out of their fur, and did everything that would make them neat and clean. Mrs. Hicks washed Fannie and Toby in her washtubs in the kitchen, and Mrs. Tabby, with her five kiddy children, had to put the first one who was named Tessie, to washing Binkie, or she would not have been through yet!

Roly, the puppy girl, who lived alone with her fat brother, Poly, had planned for this very picnic for weeks. She made herself a new hat, with a bow on the side. There was a round thing of chiffon, and some long feathers. It was really a very becoming bonnet.

This puppy girl had a fault which she did not seem able to conquer. She was very vain, and spent many precious moments, listening to herself as she played on the piano, or watching herself in the mirror as she swept a room.

Her tasks seemed longer and more difficult than they really were, for she spent such a time over them. When the day came for the picnic everyone was to meet at the Tabby's house at 5 o'clock.

Roly and Poly got up early and did all the housework and washed the pups and then cleaned themselves up. Of course, Poly, being a boy, with less to put on in the way of clothes, was dressed first. "I'll just take a walk," he said, "and go down town to see how the boys' hats are."

"And you had better hurry, too, we start at nine sharp," he added.

"All right," murmured Roly, more interested in what she was doing than in what her brother had said. He went away, and she did not see him.

Then she began to dress. She would first put something on, then look in the mirror and think the time had passed and she did not know it. At last she put on her bonnet. Forgetting was the time, the place, everything, but the fact that she had at last a chance to gaze at herself. She rested her elbows on the top of the little bureau and looked at her new bonnet. The beautiful, sweeping feathers. Her eye passed from the snug rim to the beautiful evening dress, and then to the chiffon rosette, but

as she met her own eyes in the glass she started.

"I must be going," but one more look-on poor vain Roly—"now—where is my handkerchief?" and looking backward over her shoulder and loath to leave her own reflection in the glass, she made her way down the stairs. Once outside she seemed to wake up. Everything was strangely still. No puppy boys and girls raised their voices in play, the roads were empty.

A cold feeling seemed to clutch her heart. She hurried faster and stubbed her toe; then picked up her skirts and began to run. Her precious bonnet began to slip over her right eye, and she pushed it carefully back. She met no one at all, and the nearer she came to the Tabby house the faster she ran. Everything there, too, was quiet. Her heart leaped fast. She was crying now, and the hat was forgotten.

There was no one at the Tabby house. It was closed and still—they had gone off and left her. SHE WAS TOO LATE. Round the house she ran to make sure, calling at every step, her handkerchief clutched in one paw; with the other she shoved back the bonnet as it slipped over her face every second.

In desperation she ran out of the yard, and down the road which led to the woods. In the direction which the party must have gone. Surely, they would be at the cross roads waiting for her. She was touched and mused by this time. The dust from the roadway, as she stirred it up, began to run, and she ran faster, but she paid no attention to it. Then, gasping, she reached the cross roads, and looked eagerly down—ONE WAS IN SIGHT!

Then she sank on the grass and cried in earnest. Her bonnet hung up, her eyes, her paws she dug into her eyes, and her dress trailed unheeded in the dirt. "She thought she heard the sound of wheels, and looked up, but could see nothing with her tear-dimmed eyes."

In a few minutes, however, she was up and seated in a little cart with Mrs. Tabby, who had come back for her, for the dear old lady could not bear to think of Roly left at home. She did not mind her, but Roly, as Mrs. Tabby wiped her eyes and straightened the tumbled hair, threw the bonnet away. "I'll never be vain again," she said, "at any rate, that old bonnet was not to be the cause!"

(Copyright, 1914, Florence E. Yoder.)

MOVING PICTURES

COSMOS

The Iced Cooled Theater
Daily, 10c and 15c Sunday, 15c and 25c
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

AL WHITES 6 SONGBIRDS
Do You Remember These Dainty Divulgers?

MILLE DONITA AND CO.
From Grand Opera to Ragtime—Fine Voices

FOUCHERE
A Single Act—A Thrilling Play

BROWN AND WILLIAMS
The Comedy in Dancing and Skating

MARVA REHN
The Mocking Singing Comedienne

All the Current News in Motion Pictures
PROGRAM CHANGED THURSDAY
Tomorrow—Sunday Concert and Ball Game
WASHINGTON VS. CHICAGO on the Cosmos Electric Scoreboard. Direct Wire Service. Both for One Admission.
Country Stores Every Wednesday and Friday Evenings at 8:15
BALL GAME Every Day While Team Is Away
STIEFF PIANOS USED EXCLUSIVELY

It's Very Easy to Explain

—the unvarying success of cooks who use CREAM BLEND FLOUR. "Cream Blend" is a QUALITY flour which invariably yields QUALITY bread, cakes, and pastries.

Don't experiment with inferior brands—insist on having
Cream Blend FLOUR
AT YOUR GROCER'S
B. B. Earnshaw & Bro.
Wholesalers, 2100, 1107, 1109 1110 St. at W.

\$3
Atlantic City
AND RETURN
Sunday, Aug. 9 and 23
SPECIAL TRAIN
Leave Union Station 7:15 a. m.
Returning, Leave Atlantic City 6 p. m.
Free transfer through Philadelphia included.
CHILDREN HALF FARE.
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